

Frankfort Weekly News

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HUBERT VREELAND, Pres. and Mgr.
M. D. COYLE, Secretary and Treasurer

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"We are authorized to announce J. CAMPBELL CANTRILL, of Scott county, as a candidate for Congress, subject to the Democratic convention, September 3.

We are authorized to announce W. P. KIMBALL, of Fayette county, as a candidate for re-election to Congress from the 7th Congressional District, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention, September 3.

No doubt about the success of the Democratic ticket in Kentucky this fall exists now, for all the factions of the party, which has been so badly split for the last ten years, are once more united and united for some time to come. The convention at Lexington was a sensible convention. It refused to allow personal and factional differences to be aired, and frowned down on a programme of revenge and retaliation which had been outlined by Gov. Beckham. It was for Gov. Beckham and it also was for Col. Haldeman and there was no intention of slighting the one or the other. It was not opposition to Gov. Beckham that prompted them to defeat him for temporary chairman. It was opposition simply to his known plans, which were to "thrash the Courier-Journal" and defeat Col. Haldeman. The Democrats of the State wanted harmony and they did not think a good way to get harmony was by dragging up the old senatorial question and all the bitterness which that contest engendered. For this reason the convention went against Gov. Beckham and he was forced to withdraw as a candidate for temporary chairman of the convention. But the convention was still ready to do honor to him so long as he showed the same spirit as actuated the other leaders. Mr. Beckham took his medicine gamely and met the peace overtures half way, giving up his race and entering into the harmony programme. Gov. Beckham is never a quitter and he would have fought it out in the convention but for the certain knowledge that it would injure the chances of the Democratic ticket this fall if a hard fight was made before the convention itself. Gov. Beckham received honors from the convention of which any man might be proud and he comes out of the convention without discredit in any way.

With Watterson and Bryan hobnobbing together and accepting each other's advice, and Whallen and Haldeman and Grainger all in the same boat, paddling as comfortably and serenely as so many kittens in a basket, one can expect almost anything. Talk about the lion and the lamb lying down together! That lion and lamb business is a natural and probable event compared to the other. Yet the other thing did happen.

In adversity and defeat, the Democrats did what they could not do in prosperity. They forgot their differences, and, being surfeited with defeat, have decided to all get together and take a hand at the oars, to put the ship into a safe port. Louisville is to be redeemed by the Democrats, and Col. Haldeman and Col. Whallen and Charles F. Grainger, erstwhile boss of Louisville, are all united. The list of delegates to the State convention from Louisville read like fiction—like it some fantastic dream. Why, even J. T. O'Neal was an alternate and the old-time leaders of Louisville Democracy in Louisville were put on the delegation.

It must be gall and wormwood to certain people in Kentucky to have Mr. Watterson called in for consultation by William J. Bryan.

W. O. B., some time to be United States Senator from Kentucky, and better known when on the stump as "Billie O. Bradley," was on the war-path in Chicago the other day. He is naturally a fighter, and although he saw defeat looking pretty squarely at him, he refused to give up until they had him down and out and the referee was finishing the count of ten. Senator Bradley had as well reserved such breath as he let loose in Chicago for the days when he will run up against the Federal machine in the Senate, where he is to occupy a prominent position, perhaps. Hitchcock is one of those cool, placid, water-proof individuals, on whom the storms may rage without even getting him wet. It might have been and probably was a relief to Mr. Bradley to tell Hitchcock what he thought of him but it did not change the situation, and Hitchcock was not even especially interested. The news reports do not show that he shed any tears, but Mr. Bradley spoke the truth when he said that the approval of such a primary as was held by the Republicans in Louisville is to seal the doom of the party in Kentucky.

One step in the right direction has been taken. The horse swapping has been confined to one locality, and that is one point gained in the effort to make the streets of Frankfort passable on county court day. The General Council would do well to have all sales in pens located off the streets, so that when one wanted to go down Main street, one would not have to dodge cows and calves and steers and sheep and horses. Another thing. The livery stable men fill up the street with vehicles until traffic is almost stopped. Main street is frequently so full of buggies that there is not room enough for two vehicles to pass. Who gives the livery stables the right to use the streets for their own convenience. We had thought that the streets were for the public use.

One Richard W. Knott is in such a fury at the reunion of the Democratic party that he is frothing at the mouth. With great gusto, on Wednesday, he announced that the convention would be controlled completely by Gov. Beckham, and Col. Haldeman would be beaten for delegate to the national convention. He also said, we think, that VarSant would be elected chairman. That is just about as close as he ever comes to political truths. The support of the Post has injured Gov. Beckham more than any other one thing and Knott is the man who led Gov. Beckham into the greatest error he committed while he was governor.

"Bobbie" Bingham was the only one left out of the Louisville Democratic reunion and jubilee. He was not among those present when the names of the delegates from Louisville were called. They said Bingham had nothing to bring into the combination, nothing to contribute to the harmony program, and the Seelbach meeting has not been forgotten.

The Post said Graham Vreeland's room at Lexington was properly twenty-three. But the managing editor of the Courier-Journal "fooled 'em up a whole lot" and the result was due, in a great measure, to his ability as a campaign manager, and his knowledge of politics. No man in Kentucky has a better grasp of things political or knows better how to get results.

Ollie M. James looms large now as a potent factor in Kentucky politics and as the big leader of the Democracy in Kentucky. The convention showed him in his true colors as a great man and a great leader.

With Col. Haldeman, Gov. Beckham, Stanley, James, Whallen, Johnson and all the others in the band wagon, playing the same tune, it looks like real harmony and a united party once more.

Col. John R. Allen's speech at Lexington was a gem and it brings him to the front as one of the biggest men in Kentucky, a man who stands for the right.

The Evening Post says the Convention was controlled by the night riders and the whisky ring. That sounds like Knott.

The Optimist.

By A. R. D.

Two men blew into the office here the other morning at 7 o'clock, and were deeply grieved that no one was here to attend to business. They had been up for two hours, and 7 o'clock seemed like noon to them. They were from Carter county, and were there on their usual time for work. They went over to the State house shortly after 8 o'clock, and expected to find the machinery of the State grinding along at top speed. It was not grinding. The grinding did not begin until some later. It never does. Business gets started "on the square" about 9:30, which is a decent, respectful hour. Frankfort is like most capitals—everybody goes to bed late and gets up late. The arrangement is just as successful and much more enjoyable.

This talk about the beauties of the sunrise is all foolishness, anyhow. No sunrise could ever touch a sunset. The coloring is nothing to compare to the sky when the sun is going down and the beauty lasts so much longer in a sunset. All this does not take into account one important factor, which is that in the early morning one is half asleep and nothing looks very beautiful. Some man has said—and his sentiments will meet with approval—that he did not at all mind sitting up until the sun rose, but he certainly did object to getting up before sunrise. It is all habit, probably. One could get used to anything. Down in Louisville there are men who start to work at 7 o'clock in the evening, and are on duty until 7 o'clock next morning, and some who begin work at midnight, and they seem to get as much out of life as any others.

Old Judge B. L. D. Guffy, sometime judge of the Court of Appeals and member of the Legislature, used to say that he did not have much longer to live, and he did not intend to waste any of that time sleeping. He would stay up as long as he could find anybody to talk to him, and he fared all right. He seemed to think sleep was merely a habit.

Some man, some time ago, wrote a book in which he attempted to show that inanimate objects are good and bad, or, rather, usually bad. His contention was that collar buttons, nose glasses and other such things were naturally perverse. He said they would do the disagreeable things rather than the agreeable, and that their sole aim and object in life was to worry and irritate mankind. The book was a serious and learned treatise and not merely funny. It would seem, sometimes, that he had spoken truly.

Did you ever drop a collar button and find it anywhere than under the bureau or hiding behind a chair? The Optimist owns a collar button that is a credit. It is the best behaved collar button he ever had and when it drops on the floor it never runs away and hides. It stays out in the open where it can be found easily without being trodden upon and smashed. It never settles itself under the bureau and forces its owner to get down on his knees and crawl around in the dust trying to locate it. It is a joy, as collar buttons go. There are other buttons, however, that devote their entire time and attention to getting themselves lost, or strayed, and which are never in the proper place at the proper time, if they can avoid it by any effort on their part. When a collar button of this kind can break its head off at the crucial moment when a tight collar is being buttoned, and the wearer has only two minutes in which to keep an engagement, then that collar button has committed suicide with the same relish as the Japanese soldier who disembowels himself with a sword.

Golf balls are perverse by nature. They are born that way, as it were. They can hide in the most remarkable fashion, blending with the landscape so perfectly that the eye of an eagle is required to see them, and this, too, right out in the open. If there is a hole into which a golf ball can crawl, it is certain to crawl there,

A Great Array Of Bargains IN TAILORED SUITS

Awaits the coming of careful buyers. They must obey the inexorable law of this store, they must go in their season.

Tailored Suits for men and for summer—for cool days in June, chilly evenings and mornings—sea shore and mountain. It's a sale for go-aways and stay-at-homes—no matter where you are the need of a wool suit in Summer is frequently keenly felt.

Not a garment included in this sale but has formed part of our regular stock—the majority of the offerings being the left over sizes of our best selling styles. You can come to this sale with your mind made up to secure some exceptional values.

\$15.00 Suits go for	\$ 9.98	\$30.00 Suits go for	\$23.50
\$22.00 Suits go for	\$17.25	\$35.00 Suits go for	\$28.50
\$25.00 Suits go for	\$18.95	\$40.00 Suits go for	\$31.50

C. KAGIN & BRO.

and as for nestling in behind a hummock of ground so that a stroke is impossible, that is the golf ball's long suit and delight. If you don't believe this, go out to the Country Club and ask some of those people who are playing golf.

Talk about troubles. For real troubles The Optimist had them the other night, and as a result he is now pulling for somebody to come here and start an accommodating livery stable. There seems to be a good future and good money for any man who operates a stable in Frankfort where one can hire a horse and buggy without a letter of credit and furnishing the liveryman with his complete pedigree. There may be a livery stable in Frankfort which is accommodating and run on business lines, but The Optimist has not found it is yet. Now, the facts in the case will be related, and the reader of this column, if, by chance, there are any, can judge of whether or not a kick is coming.

The Optimist was going out of town to make a call. The distance was not great, but it rained. That is a habit in Frankfort this year, and it has become customary. So he went to a livery stable, and ordered a horse and buggy sent to his boarding house at 6:50. At 7:10 no buggy. One telephone was out of commission, so he could not telephone about the rig over one phone and tried the other, only to get a long distance call. While this was being juggled about and the girls in Louisville and Frankfort were trying to get connection with Evansville, The Optimist waited for the buggy. No buggy. Finally, the exchange girl said the party who had called from Evansville had gone out and would not be back. The stable was secured and a man answered the phone:

"What about that horse and rig I ordered," inquired the Optimist.

The man who answered the phone did not know anything about it, so he called another man. The second man had to have things explained to him in detail and then he called a third man and it was all threshed out again with him. The result was irritating enough. They knew nothing about any rig being ordered, had never heard of the order and the man who had taken it had forgotten it. A new order was given for a rig and the liveryman was urged to rush things, as the Optimist then was a half an hour late. He hung up the phone and waited for the rig. A few minutes passed and the telephone rang. The liveryman wanted to know what kind of rig was wanted. Wearying of this the order was cancelled and the Optimist tried to get connection with any other stable, but was unable to get connection with exchange. So he walked to another stable and there had to answer a whole catechism of questions and there was great doubt as to whether or not they would be able to furnish a horse. The idea of also furnishing a driver seemed to astound the liveryman, and he acted as though it was the most startling request. In utter disgust and determined that rather than beg any man to hire him a horse, the Optimist would walk, through mud and water

and blood, even, he walked to the country. It was not so bad either.

If anybody knows a livery stable where the owner WANTS to hire a horse and where one can get what one wants when one wants it, please telegraph The Optimist, care of the News.

Miss Calhoun Returns To Kentucky.

PURCHASES DAVIDSON-DODGE SCHOOL AT LOUISVILLE, WHICH SHE WILL OPEN FOR FALL TERM.

Miss Lella Calhoun, of Terrytown, N. Y., has purchased the Davidson-Dodge School, at 1320 Fourth Avenue, in Louisville, formerly known as the Kentucky Home School. It will open under her management for the fall term. This school has been under the supervision of Miss Belle Peers for forty years, and is well known throughout the State. The work of remodeling the building will begin at once, and a full equipment of modern appliances for a day school will be installed. A corps of experienced college women teachers have been secured and will carry on the work. Miss Calhoun is a Kentucky woman and was born in Owensboro, and is the sister of Capt. C. C. Calhoun, formerly of this city. She has a wide acquaintance as a teacher. For several years she was one of the faculty at Caldwell College, and later served six years as an assistant manager at Oxford, O. For the last four years Miss Calhoun has been connected with Miss C. E. Mason's school, known as "The Castle," at Terrytown, N. Y.

TOOK THE JOB.

Applicant For Office Turns Tables On Bradley.

GOOD STORY ON FORMER GOVERNOR TOLD BY HIS ONE TIME SECRETARY.

(Courier-Journal.)

Ed. O. Leigh, who was Acting Secretary to William O. Bradley for a few days after he became Governor, was telling a good story on the former Governor and soon-to-be Senator, the other day.

"When Governor Bradley took the oath of office the hungry Republicans, who wanted office," said Mr. Leigh, "descended on Frankfort in a body and clamored for jobs. One man came who was bound to have a place. His was the banner precinct in the mountains, and he had left home to come

to Frankfort and get a job. He arrived a trifle late and went in to see the Governor.

"You are too late," said the Governor. "Everything has been distributed and there is not an office left which has not been filled."

"But I must have a job," replied the man. "I can not go back home and tell those people up there that I was turned down. I told them I was coming down here to take a job, and I must have one."

"I don't see how we can do anything for you," said the Governor. "Everything has been parcelled out."

"Well, I'll tell you what to do. You offer me a place and I will decline it and then I can go back home and tell those people that I could have landed one, but it did not suit me, so I had to decline. That will suit me, all right."

"Oh, if that's all you want," said the Governor, "we can fix you all right. I have not appointed a Private Secretary yet and I will tender you that position."

"This was satisfactory to the man and he was all smiles when he left the office, having been offered the position. He went over to the hotel and wrote a letter to the Governor accepting the place. Gov. Bradley was the maddest man in the State when he got that letter. He called in his stenographer, who was a man, by the way, and began dictating a letter to the would-be Private Secretary. The door was open and the Governor was talking loud and his language was vehement. Several persons were in the outer office, so I went over and started to close the door so that they would not hear what the going on. I said: "Governor, I thought I would close the door. You were talking rather loud."

"Talking loud, he replied, 'I wish I could talk loud enough for that—' fool over to the hotel to hear me."

SAY!

Have you tried a pound of that choice sliced bacon at Williams & South's yet? 15c per pound. Order today. Both Phones.

BACK AT HIS POST OF DUTY.

The patrons of the L. & N. road were glad to see Capt. John McNabb back at his post of duty on Monday after an absence of several months. Capt. McNabb is one of the most popular officials of the road and is untiring in his efforts to provide for the comfort of his passengers. During his absence he toured Mexico and the western portion of the United States.

ATTENTION.

Have you seen the nice line of vegetables, fruits and berries that Williams & South are handling at Driscoll's old stand on St. Clair street? Well, you should see their display today. Order early while stock is complete.

Will Governor Party In Kentucky.

STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

State-at-Large.

Joseph Pugh, of Kenton.
Ab Rhea, of Logan.

1st. dis.—Al Berry, of McCracken.
2d. dis.—N. Powell Taylor, Henderson.
3d. dis.—J. R. Mallory, of Todd.
4th. dis.—J. T. Moore, Breckinridge.
5th. dis.—W. O. Head, of Louisville.
6th. dis.—J. A. Donaldson, of Carroll.
7th. dis.—T. A. Combs, of Lexington.
8th. dis.—Jesse Sullivan, of Madison.
9th. dis.—Walter Addams of Harrison.
10th d.—Heary Cox, of Morgan.
11th d.—Woodson May, of Pulaski.

State-at-Large.

Joseph Pugh, of Kenton.
Ab Rhea, of Logan.

1st. dis.—Henry R. Lawrence, Trigg.
2d. dis.—Dr. J. A. Goodson, Webster.
3d. dis.—Henry Lazarus, of Warren.
4th. dis.—Sam T. Spalding, Marion.
5th. dis.—John W. Vreeland, Louisville.
6th. dis.—A. B. Rouse, of Boone.
7th. dis.—M. J. Meagher, Franklin.
8th. dis.—J. Norton Fitch, Jessamine.
9th. dis.—W. A. Young, of Rowan.
10th d.—F. A. Lyons, of Lee.
11th d.—J. R. Tuggle, of Knox.